

HAWTHORNE AND HIS FRIENDS

REMINISCENCE AND TRIBUTE

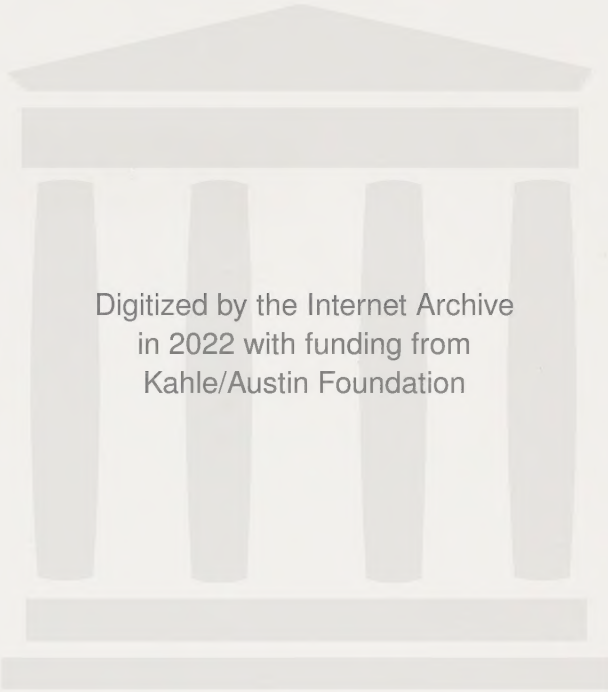
BY F. B. SANBORN



THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
NINETEEN EIGHT



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REMINISCENCE AND TRIBUTE

BY F. B. SANBORN, OF CONCORD

My first sight of Nathaniel Hawthorne was at a summer evening party at Emerson's house, given to him and his wife in June, 1860, upon their return to Concord from their long European sojourn. . He had bought Mrs. Alcott's "Hillside" house on the Lexington Road (now Massachusetts Avenue) in the summer of 1852, and there had given a reception to his friend, General Pierce, then Democratic candidate for President, that the New Hampshire statesman might meet his partisans in the rural region of Concord. But less than a year after, in the early summer of 1853, the Hawthornes had left Concord for Liverpool, where he served four years as

American Consul; and for a part of the intervening seven years Mrs. Horace Mann, with her three sons, pupils of mine, had lived in the Wayside house. Mrs. Hawthorne had changed Mr. Alcott's name of "Hillside" to "Wayside," by which title it has ever since been known. In April, 1860, following my illegal arrest, at the order of the United States Senate, and my discharge upon a writ of habeas corpus by Chief-Justice Shaw of the State Supreme Court, my friends and my sister, who occupied with me my own house on the Sudbury Road, had insisted that I should not sleep there, — fearing another attempt to kidnap me. I had no such apprehensions, but to quiet their anxiety I consented for a week to lodge at the houses of my neighbors, — one night in each house, — so that my exact nightly residence could not be known in advance. I therefore slept one night at Emerson's, one at Mrs. Thoreau's, one at Col. Whiting's, one at the Old Manse, and, in due course, a single night at Mrs. Mann's, in Hawthorne's house. Thus

I became his guest before I had ever seen him; and I was frequently there afterwards, at his invitation or Mrs. Hawthorne's, during the four short years that he lived there after his return home. He died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in May, 1864, while on a journey for his health, in company with his friend, General Pierce, as is well known.

I had become a resident of Concord in March, 1855, less than two years after Hawthorne's appointment to Liverpool, and had become familiar with the region and its people during the five years preceding his return. All his friends there had become my friends, and I had lived familiarly in the houses of Ellery Channing and Thoreau, and walked with them and with Emerson, many more days and miles than Hawthorne did in his first Concord residence, from July, 1842, to October, 1845. George William Curtis, who had been Hawthorne's neighbor during this life in the Old Manse, had also become my friend, through his intimacy with my brother-in-law, George Walker, of

Springfield; and Longfellow, Hawthorne's classmate at Brunswick, had been one of my instructors at Harvard. Consequently I had learned much about this man of genius before I made his acquaintance; and it was easier to fathom his character through others than by associating with this shy and elusive fellow-citizen, who hardly recognized the social duties of citizenship, and lived mainly with his imaginary creations, and with his admiring family. But I was brought even into that circle by the fact that he placed his son Julian, to be fitted for Harvard, in my Concord school, where were the sons of Emerson, of Judge Hoar, of Horace Mann, and that nephew of Col. Higginson who is now Admiral Higginson, as well as two brothers of Henry James, the novelist. I perhaps owe this decision of Hawthorne, allowing me to train his boy, to the recommendation of his and my intimate companion, the poet, Ellery Channing. The letter in which Channing urged this, printed by Julian in his *Memoir of his father and moth-*

er, may be copied here, in spite of my natural modesty, since it describes fairly well the influences I was able to throw around my pupils, from the circumstance that the school was in Concord, and was favored by its people:

ELLERY CHANNING'S LETTER

Concord, September 3, 1860.

My Dear Hawthorne:

In numbering over the things that had been added to the town, t'other day, I left out the first and best, — which is the School for boys and girls, under the charge of Mr. Sanborn. No words that I could use on this occasion would do justice to his happy influence on the characters of those confided to him, and more especially of the girls. He has supplied a want long felt here, and, by having a school for young children, leaves nothing to be desired. His scholars are from desirable families, and many of them are very attractive and pleasing persons. The mere fact of associating with him and those he has drawn about him I should regard as a matter of first importance. I have never heard of a school before where there was so much to please and so little to offend; and in this country, to every one who pur-

poses to take the least part in any social affairs, the value of a good school is unquestioned. Our school-days are *the* days of our life; it is then we learn all we ever know; and without these mimic contests, these services, sports and petty grievances, what were all our after days? If you were as intimate with Mr. Sanborn as I have the good fortune to be, I think nothing would give you so much satisfaction as to have such nice girls as yours seem to be, directly under his charge. Nothing seems to me more unfortunate, in this land of activity, than to bring up children in seclusion, without the invaluable discipline that a good school presents. Forgive me for dwelling a little on this, out of regard to Mr. Sanborn, who deserves to be sustained.

Had I known and blushed at these high compliments, of which no word ever came to me for five-and-twenty years, I might have felt consoled for a very different letter which Julian's anxious mother sent me, two years later. She could not be persuaded to send her two daughters to a co-educational school, although she allowed her graceful Una to attend our school dances and parties and woodland walks. For I followed the exam-

ple first set in Concord by John and Henry Thoreau, in their private school, which preceded mine by sixteen years, and gave my pupils a weekly walk in the fields and woods, occasionally with Thoreau for a companion; and there were picnics, boating parties, and dramatic entertainments, with access for teachers and pupils to all the pleasantest parlors in the village, and to the town gatherings in the village hall, where Alcott and Emerson, Mrs. Ripley, Elizabeth Hoar, and Louisa Alcott might be seen and heard, without formality, and parade. But Mrs. Hawthorne found or fancied the reverse of the tapestry, and thus called me gently but firmly to account:

MRS. SOPHIA HAWTHORNE'S LETTER

My dear Mr. Sanborn:

As I am the mother of one of your boys, I am sure you will frankly and kindly receive any notions I may find myself impelled by my conscience to express to you, before another campaign. I actually dread the coming term, because, instead of solemn study and serious, thoughtful mental effort, it is as if

Julian, in this last important year, were again about to plunge into the dissipations of society — all sorts of sport, flirtations, trifling, weary sittings up of nights, reluctant risings in the morning; jaded spirits, plans for fun — everything except a brave and attentive grappling with knowledge, as a school should be. With all my might I must pray that you will see fit to forbid all committees for providing “good times,” especially. I saw that these committees were very bad in effect, by fixing the minds of the boys and girls, not upon what they could accomplish in study, but upon “fun and madness” as much as could be crowded into the times; and that the ambition was not to excel in acquisition of ideas and technics, but in being effective commissaries for frolic. Julian, I saw, was quite wearied out mentally, (or rather, *in spirits*), by his share of idle work of this kind. For he always enters so conscientiously into what is assigned him, that, when one of a committee, he had no fresh powers to give to his important lessons, because he was wasted on nonsense.

I think all this dissipation is for young gentlemen and ladies who have at least left school. Even then it too soon turns the cheeks of all our children pale, and makes them prematurely old. Mr. Hawthorne and I are quite appalled by this *flaring open* of girlhood and boyhood, when they ought to remain

delicately folded up in quiet, reserved manners. We feel it more keenly, because abroad there is a so much wiser custom with the young. On the other side of the Atlantic young girls remain girls, and married ladies take the precedence. But here babies are first, and all the airs and graces of society are imitated by those of tender age. I suppose you know that we entirely disapprove of this commingling of youths and maidens at the electric age in school. I find no end of ill effect from it, and this is why I do not send Una and Rose to your school.

I wish with all my heart that you would give up all the boys, and take only girls. I think you would be just the teacher for girls, though they might not use up all your fine culture in some points. But yet, the finer the culture, the better for girls as well.

I hear that very many persons dislike exceedingly this riotous life of the scholars. They do violate the rules constantly in many ways. They sit up late and are out late; they smoke, they lounge in the shops of low tradesmen, and so on.

It is not we alone who think it is not wise to throw these children into each other's arms, as it were, every day; and often more than once a week they are literally thrown into each other's arms, by being allowed to waltz together — not in the stately Spanish fashion. We never allow our daughters to waltz, and

fortunately Una shrinks from it. But it is painful to see the others in danger of having sentiment too soon awakened, by force almost, at the very time we suppose they are studying, "fancy-free" in maiden meditation.

When Julian left Concord for the sea, he expressed to me how thankful he was that he should be relieved for six or eight weeks from attending to young ladies. He said he was tired of the worry and excitement of it. Was not this a precious confession for a *preux chevalier*? I think of what a different experience my brothers had at school. Instead of going to midnight dances, and using golden hours in conning silly plays for theatrical action, they studied gravely like Stoics, and never saw young ladies but as distant goddesses.

Julian was a sacredly folded bud when we brought him home to America, with a genuine reverence for woman; and now he is forcibly bloomed into a *cavaliere servente* before his wisdom teeth have had time to prick through, — and comments upon flirts and coquettes like an experienced man of the world. But as far as Julian is concerned, he is very good, and true and single-hearted, and cannot easily be spoiled; though his time can be and has been much wasted by inappropriate and unimportant claims and cares.

Are you patient with my frettings, my dear Mr.

Sanborn? I feel sure you are, or I mistake you. I have, however, some compunction at having written so long a Jeremiad. But I thought it was honest to say what was in my mind, since it was there.

With great regard yours,

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

It was easy to be patient with a feminine Jeremiah as gentle and as fallible as Mrs. Hawthorne. Had she been a little more given to reflection, she might have considered that co-education had always been the custom in Concord during the nineteenth century; that the sisters of Senator Hoar and the daughters of Colonel Whiting had sat side by side with their brothers at the Concord Academy, of which my school was the successor; and that the social customs of the village, essentially democratic, were extremely favorable for the natural and graceful training of the village children. The boys there were not trained to regard young ladies as goddesses, but as sisters, cousins, and friends; in due time they appeared as lovers, and there was less

scandal in that relation than where the two sexes had been separately educated. I hardly think she understood her son's nature better than his teachers did; and this appeared later in his career.

LIFE AT THE MANSE

It was one of these co-educated Concord young ladies, Miss Elizabeth Hoar, a granddaughter of Roger Sherman, and a distant cousin of the General and the Senator of that name, who introduced the Hawthornes to the Old Manse, soon after their marriage in 1842. She was a friend of the Peabody sisters, of whom Sophia was the youngest, and, living in Concord, she happened to know that Dr. Ripley's fine old house had been vacated by his death, and could be rented. Miss Hoar herself was to have married Emerson's brilliant youngest brother, Charles, who had died in May, 1836, and she was ever afterward treated by Emerson as a sister. She remained at the home of her father, a

grave and courteous person of great skill in the law, and accompanied him to South Carolina in 1844, when he went as the representative of Massachusetts, and was treated with studied indignity. Her younger brother, the Senator, had read Greek and Latin with Mrs. Ripley, who spent the last twenty years of her serene and useful life at the Old Manse, and to make room for whose family (its owners) the Hawthornes, with the infant Una, vacated it in 1845. The published note-books of Hawthorne and his wife give many details of their idyllic life there, remote from the village and near Concord River, immortalized by Thoreau. But as there is a series of errors of date, or lack of date, in these notes which have confused the reader, and which the careful Hawthorne would have avoided, if he had printed them himself, I shall try to restore the facts and opinions in these passages to something like their original connection.

The arrangement for leasing the Old

Manse was made some two months before the wedding, for, on the 27th of May, 1842, Hawthorne writes to his *fiancée* that he has just met Emerson at the Boston Athenæum, who told him that the Concord garden, etc., "is making progress," — probably under the care of Thoreau and the faithful colored farmer, John Garrison, who for thirty years or more did the garden work for the Manse. And Hawthorne adds, "Would that we were there!" They were married six weeks later (July 9, 1842) and were settled at their Concord abode a few days after. Mr. Hawthorne had thought of inviting George Bradford, one of his Brook Farm friends, and the brother of the learned Mrs. Ripley, who later lived at the Manse, to board with the newly married pair; but the plan did not take effect. Hearing of this, Margaret Fuller, whose sister Ellen was newly married, at Cincinnati, to Ellery Channing, proposed to Mrs. Hawthorne that the Channings should come and board with her. Hawthorne objected to this, and wrote to Miss Fuller a

long letter on the subject, dated August 28, 1842. He said, among other things:

My conclusion is that the comfort of both parties would be put in great jeopardy. Had it been proposed to Adam and Eve to receive two angels into their Paradise as *boarders*, I doubt whether they would have been altogether pleased to consent. Certain I am that whatever might be the tact and the sympathies of the heavenly guests, the boundless freedom of Paradise would at once have become finite and limited by their presence. The whole four would have been involved in an unnatural relation, — which the whole system of boarding-out naturally and inevitably is.

Great wisdom in this remark, so quaintly expressed and illustrated. But Channing himself, after his removal from Cambridge to Concord in April, 1843, became a frequent and beloved visitor at the Manse, and more acceptable than the courteous but less sympathetic Thoreau, who soon made his call, and was in time invited to dinner by Mrs. Hawthorne. The journals of Thoreau for

the years 1842-46 have mostly disappeared; but Hawthorne's diary contains much about him. He had twice called before August 5, and very likely had some oversight of the garden, as at that precise date he had of Emerson's larger garden. George Bradford came up from Plymouth, where he had been selling garden vegetables raised by Marston Watson, like himself a Harvard graduate, and dined at the Manse Sunday, August 28. Thoreau's first dinner there seems to have been August 31. On that day he proposed that Hawthorne should take his boat, built by himself and his brother John, in 1839, and in which they had that year made their memorable week's voyage on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. John had died six months before under most painful circumstances, and it is likely that Thoreau could not bear to keep and use the craft with which this dear brother was so memorably associated. The account of Thoreau, pieced together from two books, follows:

HAWTHORNE'S EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF
THOREAU

Mr. Thoreau dined with us August 31. He is a singular character, — a young man* with much of wild, original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own. He is as ugly as sin; long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, though courteous manners, corresponding with such an exterior. But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion, and becomes him much better than beauty. He was educated at Cambridge, and formerly kept a school in this town, but for two or three years back, he has repudiated all regular modes of getting a living, and seems inclined to live a sort of Indian life. He has been for some time an inmate

*Thoreau was at this time a little more than twenty-five, and had been out of college five years. He wrote to Horace Greeley in May, 1848, that he had supported himself entirely by manual labor since 1843, "not getting a cent from any other quarter or employment." He added that this toil had occupied but two months in the year, spring and fall, "so that I must have had more leisure for study and literature than most of my brethren." He did not retire to his Walden cabin until the summer of 1845, after the Alcotts had come back to Concord from their Fruitlands failure, and the year at Still River.

of Mr. Emerson's family,* and in requital he labors in the garden, and performs such other offices as may suit him; being entertained by Mr. Emerson for the sake of what true manhood may be in him.

He is a keen and delicate observer of nature, — a genuine observer, — which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet. And Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl, and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower, likewise, wherever they grow, whether in garden or wildwood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms. It is a characteristic trait that he has a great regard

* Since April, 1841, after the abrupt close of the school which he and John had been carrying on in the building of the discontinued Concord Academy, for three years. It was, therefore, less than a year and a half since he gave up a regular and remunerative employment. He remained at Emerson's until he went in May, 1843, to be a tutor in the family of William Emerson, at Staten Island. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1837, having entered from the Concord Academy in 1833. But he was out of college almost one year of the four, and had no high standing for scholarship.

for the memory of the Indian tribes, whose wild life would have suited him so well; and, strange to say, he seldom walks over a plowed field without picking up an arrow-point, spear-head, or other relic of the red man; as if their spirits willed him to be the inheritor of this simple wealth.

With all this he has more than a tincture of literature, — a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets, — and he is a good writer. At least, he has written a good article, a rambling disquisition on Natural History, in the last *Dial*, which, he says, was chiefly made up from journals of his own observations. Methinks this article gives a very fair image of mind and character, — so true, so innate, and literal in observation, — yet giving the spirit as well as the letter of what he sees, even as a lake reflects its wooded banks, showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene.

Then there are in the article passages of cloudy and dreamy metaphysics, and also passages where his thoughts seem to measure and attune themselves into spontaneous verse, — as they rightfully may, since there is real poetry in them. There is a basis of good sense and of moral truth, too, throughout the article, which is also a reflection of his character.*

*Considering how little Thoreau had published at that early date, and that Hawthorne had never

After dinner, at which we cut the first watermelon and muskmelon that our garden has grown, Mr. Thoreau and I walked up the bank of the river, and at a certain point he shouted for his boat. Forthwith a young man paddled it across, and Mr. Thoreau and I voyaged farther up the (Assabet) stream, which soon became more beautiful than any picture, with its dark and quiet sheet of water, half shaded, half sunny, between high and wooded banks. The late rains have swollen the stream so much that many trees are standing up to their knees in water, and boughs which lately swung high in air, now dip and drink deep of the passing wave. . . . Thoreau managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it. He said that when some Indians visited Concord a few years ago, he found that he had acquired, without a teacher, their precise method of propelling and steering a canoe. . . . I agreed to take his boat, and accordingly became possessor of the "Musketaquid." . . . We pro-

heard him before, this is a remarkable appreciation of the man, and shows Hawthorne's insight into human character, when he was not misguided by friendship or enmity, and could subdue that singular optimistic pessimism that appears so constantly in his books. It is quite possible, however, that this passage received later touches before it was printed.

pose to change her name to the "Pond-Lily," which will be very beautiful and appropriate, as, during the summer season, she will bring home many a cargo of lilies from along the river's weedy shore.*

The next day Thoreau brought the boat to the foot of the Old Manse orchard, close by the monument to Concord Fight, which was a few rods away, and gave Hawthorne a first lesson in paddling, for as yet he had only learned to row with two oars. The name of the transferred boat was probably given by Mrs. Hawthorne, who also may be held responsible for the account of Thoreau's quaint ugliness; for a few years later, in November, 1848, when, at Hawthorne's request, Thoreau went to lecture at the Salem

*Thoreau's boat was probably taken near Egg Rock, where the Assabet or North Branch comes into the Sudbury or main stream. In his *Mosses* Hawthorne has finely described the scenery along this romantic river, at which he ventures a little here. His companion in 1843-4 was Channing, as he mentions in the *Mosses*, for Thoreau was away in Staten Island for seven months in 1843, but left his music-box with Mrs. Hawthorne during his absence.

Lyceum, and visited the Hawthornes, she wrote to her mother:

Mr. Thoreau has risen above all his arrogance of manner, and is as gentle, simple, ruddy, and meek as all geniuses should be; and now his great blue eyes fairly outshine, and put into shade a nose which I once thought must make him uncomely forever. His lecture was so enchanting, — such a revelation of nature in all its exquisite detail of wood-thrushes, squirrels, sunshine, mists, and shadows, fresh vernal odors, pine-tree ocean melodies, — that my ears rang with music, and I seemed to have been wandering through copse and dingle.

What Hawthorne himself thought of Thoreau in 1848 appears by a letter of his to Longfellow, to whom he introduced the Concord Forester a few days after, at a dinner party which the Cambridge poet gave in the Craigie House, to the three friends, Channing, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. The date is November 21, 1848:

I will gladly come on Thursday. Thoreau is to be at my house, and I shall take the liberty to bring him with me, unless he has scruples about intruding

on you. You would find him well worth knowing; he is a man of thought and originality, with a certain iron-pokerishness, — an uncompromising stiffness, — in his mental character, which is interesting, though it grows rather wearisome on close and frequent acquaintance. I shall be very glad to see Ellery Channing, — gladder to see you.

WINTER OCCUPATIONS

But to return to the early months at the Old Manse. The literary men of the town, with some of the politicians and lawyers, had set up a rudimentary reading-room in the village, and given it the sounding name of “Athenæum” in imitation of Boston, Salem, and Portsmouth, which all had ancient Athenæums. Thither went Hawthorne often to read the news and his own contributions in the magazines, which did not always come to him upon publication, as they should have. It is frequently mentioned in letters of 1843 and after; for instance, Thoreau said, writing to Emerson January 24, 1843, and speaking of Hawthorne’s friend, O’Sullivan, then editor of the *Democratic Review* in New

York, for which Hawthorne, Whittier, and afterwards Thoreau and Emerson wrote:

Mr. O'Sullivan was here three days. I met him at the Athenæum, and went to Hawthorne's to tea with him. He expressed a great deal of interest in your poems, and wished me to give him a list of them, which I did, — he saying he did not know but he should notice them. He is a rather puny-looking man, and did not strike me. We had nothing to say to one another, and therefore said a great deal. He, however, made a point of asking me to write for his *Review*, which I shall be glad to do. He is at any rate one of the not-bad, but does not by any means take you by storm, — no, nor by calm either, which is the best way. He expects to see you in New York. After tea I carried him and Hawthorne to the Lyceum.*

*The Concord Lyceum was a village society and debating club, founded in 1829 and still in existence, before which Emerson lectured nearly a hundred times, and Thoreau eighteen, — he beginning in 1838. He was often the secretary or "curator" and in that capacity carried through a successful course of lectures in 1844 for only \$100, of which he rather boasted in his original draft of *Walden*. He also fought through a campaign of several years to give Wendell Phillips a hearing at the Lyceum, against the opposi-

Of this visit of his publisher no hint appears in the published note-books; but Mrs. Hawthorne, in her family letters, has a passage of January 9, which may have occasioned, — the facts related in it, rather, — the arrival of the unsuccessful editor. She said:

Mr. Griswold, editor of *Graham's Magazine*, has requested my husband to contribute, offering \$5 per page, and the liberty of drawing for the money the moment the article was published. The *Democratic Review* is so poor now that it can only offer \$20 for an article of what length soever, so that Mr. Hawthorne cannot well afford to give any but short stories to it; and besides it is sadly dilatory about payment. The last paper he sent to it was a real gift, as it was more than four pages; but he thought its character better suited to the grave *Democrat* than for *Graham's*.

This seems to have been the powerful "Boston Serpent," which came out just be-

tion of the elder John Keyes and 'Squire Hoar, the father of Miss Elizabeth. Charles Lane and Mr. Alcott debated in this Lyceum in the winter of 1842-43.

fore this letter. Emerson sent a short notice of Ellery Channing's first book of Poems to O'Sullivan the next spring, but he so revised and added to it, that Emerson disowned most but the first page. Thoreau sent, for the same season, *The Landlord*, and *Paradise to be Regained*. The latter was held back for six months,—the *Review* managers objecting to Thoreau's "want of sympathy with the Community." It was the era of communities, including that of the Alcotts at Fruitlands; and Thoreau preferred a community of one, which he set up in 1845 at Walden.

In Julian Hawthorne's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, is a passage from his father's diary cited as if of August, 1842, which must be really of March, 1843, since it was only in that month that Thoreau secured for Channing the "Red Lodge" on the Turnpike near Emerson's garden where Mrs. Hawthorne called to see Mrs. Channing in the next December, but a year after the famous skating party of Hawthorne, Thoreau,

and Emerson, described so glowingly by Mrs. Hawthorne, and which must here be mentioned. Some time between December 18 and 30, 1842, occurred what she thus pictures:

Lately we go on the river, which is now frozen; my lord to skate, and I to run and slide. He is a rare sight, gliding over the icy stream. For, wrapped in his cloak he looks very graceful, perpetually darting from me in long, sweeping curves, and returning again, — again to shoot away. Our meadow at the bottom of the orchard is like a small frozen sea, and that is the present scene of our heroic games. Often other skaters appear, — young men and boys, — who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of Nature loses all shyness, and moves regally. One afternoon Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice, — very remarkable, but very ugly, methought. Next him followed Mr. Hawthorne, who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Grecian statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, — evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching head-foremost, half lying on the air. He came into the Manse to rest

himself, and said to me that Hawthorne was a tiger, a bear, a lion, — in short, a satyr, and there was no tiring him out; he might be the death of a man like himself. And then, turning upon me that kindling smile for which he is so memorable, he added, “Mr. Hawthorne is such an Ajax! Who can cope with him?”

Hawthorne had learned to skate on Sebago Lake in Maine, as a boy, and Thoreau on the river and ponds of Concord. Emerson, city bred, had less practice, and had not fully mastered the gliding art. I skated with him, years afterward, on Walden, and though then nearly sixty, he carried himself well. The course in this race described, was down towards, and probably on the Great Meadows of Concord and Bedford, where the stream in freshets is half a mile wide, and the best of skating. Thoreau frequently skated with Channing or his Worcester friends, Blake and Brown, fourteen miles up the river, or ten miles down, — the long placid stretch over which he paddled or sailed his boat for nine months of the year.

But now for the journal entry of March, 1843, in which Channing first appears, though he had long been a friend of Mrs. Hawthorne, who as an invalid, was a patient of his father, Dr. Walter Channing:

Thoreau says that Channing is coming back to Concord;* and that he (Thoreau) has concluded a bargain in his behalf for the hire of a small house with land, at \$56 a year. I am rather glad than otherwise, — but Ellery, so far as he has been developed to my observation, is but an imperfect substitute for Thoreau. He is one of those queer and clever young men whom Mr. Emerson (that ever-

*This "back" was an error, either of Hawthorne or of his posthumous editor, for Channing had never lived in Concord until April, 1843, though for two years before he was an occasional visitor. His home in 1841-42 was at Cincinnati; for he had left Boston for Illinois in 1838-39, and went from there to Cincinnati early in 1841. But he was occasionally in New England during these wandering years; and after once settling at Concord, he remained there, with a year or two of temporary absences, at New Bedford and Dorchester, for nearly sixty years. The passage that follows about Thoreau and Emerson is another example of Hawthorne's insight; there was such a coldness.

lasting rejecter of all that is, and seeker for he knows not what) is continually picking up by way of a genius. Ellery, it appears, looks upon his own verses as too sacred to be sold for money. Prose he will sell to the highest bidder; but measured feet and jingling lines are not to be exchanged for gold, — which, indeed, is not very likely to be offered for them.

Mr. Emerson seems to have suffered some inconvenience from his experience of Mr. Thoreau as an inmate. It may well be that such a sturdy, uncompromising person is fitter to meet occasionally in the open air, than to have as a permanent guest at table and fireside. He is to leave Concord, — and it is well on his own account; for, morally and intellectually, he does not seem to have found the guiding clew.

THE CONCORD FRIENDS

Miss Mary Russell, who became Mrs. Marston Watson, of Plymouth, and who before that lived for a time at Mrs. Emerson's, while Thoreau was an inmate there, once made to me a like remark about the annoyance which Emerson sometimes felt at Thoreau's pugnacious turn in conversation; and Hawthorne had probably, with his quick perceptions, noticed the same thing. Yet

the two remained friends and townsmen until Thoreau's death; for he could not long remain absent from Concord. Writing to Emerson in July, 1843, from Staten Island, Thoreau expressed his home-sickness for Concord and his comrades there, and, bearing in memory Channing and Edmund Hosmer, who then lived not very far apart on one of the roads to Lincoln and Cambridge, up which Emerson had taken Hawthorne and Hillard to Walden the year before, Henry said:

In imagination I see you pilgrims taking your way by the Red Lodge [Channing's cottage] and the cabin of the brave farmer man [Hosmer] so youthful and hale, to the still cheerful woods. And Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered in old heroic times, along the banks of the Scamander, amid the ruins of chariots and heroes. Tell him not to desert, even after the tenth year. Staying at home is the heavenly way.

A month later, Mrs. Hawthorne tells her friend, Mary Wilder Foote, of Salem, a

friend of the Hoar family, that Miss Hoar has called at the Manse, "looking as usual like the Rose of Sharon, though thinner than ever;" adding, apparently after a call on Margaret Fuller's married sister:

Ellery Channing and Ellen live in a little red cottage on the (Turnpike) road, with one acre attached, upon which Ellery has worked very hard. Ellen keeps a small school for little children. They are very happy, and Ellery is a very charming companion; he talks most agreeably.

On the 9th of July in that year, the first anniversary of the Hawthorne marriage, several sad events happened, one of which became celebrated from Hawthorne's use of it afterwards, rather too grimly, in his *Blithedale Romance*. This was the drowning of poor Martha Hunt in the Concord River, and the finding of her body by Hawthorne, Channing, and their neighbor, Buttrick, rowing about in the moonlight night, in the boat that had been Thoreau's, and which Channing afterwards inherited. Needless to dwell on

this. The same night Allston the painter died in his Cambridge home, and Mrs. Hawthorne only said, "Nature certainly arrayed herself in her most lovely guise to bid him farewell." The drowned girl was found among the meadows over which the three authors had skated in the December preceding. The next December, in the midst of a great snowstorm, just after Christmas, 1843, Mrs. Hawthorne writes:

In the afternoon some one knocked at the front door. I was amazed, supposing no one could overcome the roads, and thought it must be a government officer. As the door opened, I heard a voice say, "Where is the man?" It was Ellery Channing, who exclaimed as he appeared at the study (up one flight) where we were, that it was the very time to come; he liked the snow. He brought some novels and reviews which Margaret Fuller had sent for Ellen Channing, her sister, to read. We had to leave him while we dined at three; he would not join us, and made his exit while we were in the dining room. (Later). We had breakfast about 9 o'clock, because we do not dine till 3, and we have no tea ceremony, because it broke our evenings too much. I break my

fast upon fruit, and we lunch upon fruit, and in the evening also partake of that paradisaical food. Mr. Emerson with his sunrise smile, Ellery Channing, radiating dark light, and very rarely Elizabeth Hoar with her spirit voice and tread, have alone varied our days from without, — but we have felt no want. Mr. [Horace] Mann came to Concord to lecture last week. He looked *happiest*. What can he ask for more, having Mary for his own?

Mary was Mrs. Hawthorne's sister, who long survived her distinguished husband. They were friends of Mrs. Howe and her husband, the illustrious philanthropist, Dr. Howe, and at the Hawthorne centenary Mrs. Howe told an anecdote characteristic of the shy Hawthorne, — the date being sometime in 1845:

Dr. Howe and I drove out from Boston to Concord, to visit Horace Mann and his wife, who had found a summer boarding-place near the Manse, where the Hawthornes were installed. We brought with us our little daughter Julia, of about the same age as Una Hawthorne. In the course of the day we found our way into the Hawthorne residence, where Mrs. Hawthorne received us very graciously. She prom-

ised that we should see her husband. Just then a male figure descended the stairs. "My husband," she cried, "here are Dr. and Mrs. Howe." What we did see was a broad hat pulled down over a hidden face, and a figure that quickly vanished through an opposite door. Mrs. Hawthorne made some excuse about an appointment which called her husband to go upon the river with Thoreau. The Manns had a son of the age of Una and my Julia. The three little creatures prattled and played together under the trees in front of the house, while Mrs. Hawthorne kindly showed us the bedroom furniture which she had adorned with pen and ink drawings. At the head and foot of her bedstead were Thorwaldsen's Night and Morning. On the washstand was outlined Venus rising from the Sea, from Flaxman's illustrations of Homer. Those three dear children, Una, Horace, and Julia, all lived to attain maturity, and all left the world too soon.

I suspect the date of this scene should be 1845, for at six months old even Una Hawthorne could hardly prattle, and she was born March 3, 1844. Julia Romana Howe was born in Rome in 1843, as her name indicated, and young Horace Mann in the next year. He lived to accompany Tho-

reau on his Minnesota journey in 1861, but not many years later. Julia Howe married that illustrious Greek, Michael Anagnos, and outlived both her infantile playmates, — dying in 1883. Her husband lived until 1906, dying in Roumania, on his way to America from Greece.

SALEM, LENOX AND CONCORD

Hawthorne left the Old Manse, where, in spite of pecuniary difficulties, he was happier than in any other three years of his life, in October, 1845. He returned to Salem, and in due time, in spite of the opposition of some of his party associates, he was appointed to a post in the Salem custom house, which he held for four years. He had expected that political prejudice would not again displace him; for, though he had resigned from the Boston custom house in 1841, he would probably have been removed by the Tyler Whigs, had he not retired of his own motion. He then joined the Brook Farm community. Contrary to his expec-

tation, and, as he thought, to an honorable understanding, which he held Mr. Upham, a Salem Congressman, accountable for violating, Hawthorne was in fact removed by President Tyler in June, 1849. Mr. Upham, himself an author, and a classmate of Emerson at Harvard, was not solely responsible for the intrigue by which the secretary of the treasury was induced to remove Hawthorne. A number of the leading men of Salem, for one reason and another, disliked Hawthorne, and joined in the intrigue. Hawthorne was naturally indignant, and in a letter to Horace Mann, also a Massachusetts Congressman, in August, 1849, he said: "If Mr. Upham should give me occasion, — or perhaps if he should not, — I shall do my best to kill and scalp him in the public prints; and I think I shall succeed." This simply meant that he would expose the intrigue and its chief contriver; but instead of this, Hawthorne pilloried him in a romance, *The House of Seven Gables*, where he figures as Judge Pyncheon. There are many

traits in the character which were foreign to Upham, but the moral basis of the Judge, Hawthorne believed to be identical with that of his Salem enemy. It was a punishment he had no right to inflict; and it has long since ceased to be operative. The fantasies and charms, mingled with so much of the dismal, in *The Seven Gables*, have banished entirely from memory the once serious quarrel with the offending Upham. It is not the business of a poet to punish, but to delight and inspire; if to this he adds, as the Greek tragedians and Dante did, and Shakespeare now and then, a vivid presentation of the Fate that pursues sin with penalty, there must be no personal wrath in the painting of the picture. Hawthorne's mission in this was well set forth by Bronson Alcott in an octogenarian sonnet to his long vanished neighbor of the Wayside:

*Thy doomsday pencil Justice doth expose,
Hearing and judging at the dread assize;
New England's guilt blazoning before all eyes,
No other chronicler than Thee she chose.*

In fact, the removal of Hawthorne from his comfortable but stagnating office was the best thing that could have happened. It roused him from literary inaction, and he produced his first really effective and popular book, as regarded his general reputation, — the *Scarlet Letter*. From its publication by the energetic and genial Fields, Hawthorne's fame was secure, and the earlier verdict of his friends and widely dispersed readers was justified. It came out early in 1850; and in the mean time the Hawthornes had shaken off the Salem dust from their feet, and retired to the mountain land of Berkshire, to dwell in a small red cottage in the not yet fashionable town of Lenox, among the Sedgwicks and their friends, and near the summer villa of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Ward. There Hawthorne received copious clouds of that incense which waits on successful novelists, and made several new acquaintances. But his household life there was far less comfortable than it had been in the Manse; and in 1851 he began to in-

quire for a second residence in Concord. In response to a letter, Channing (who had quit his "small cottage on the lonely hill," Ponkatasset, where Hawthorne left him, newly settled there, in 1845, and had bought an old house on the village street, and the river, nearly opposite Thoreau's family house), invited his friend to be his guest in these terms (December 13, 1851):

I am glad you have shortened your longitude, and evacuated that devilish institution of Spitzbergen, that ice-plant of the Sedgwicks, etc. Good God! to live permanently in Iceland! I know nothing of West Newton, and do not wish to know any more; but it is further south than the other, — a great advantage. I have now a room at your command, where perhaps you might make yourself comfortable for a few days. Nobody at home but myself, and a prospect of strong waters. I have got a good cook, and some wood; and you can have whole days, as I never dine before five. There is only this, my dear fellow: next week is the week I shall be ready for you. Emerson is gone, and nobody here to bore you. The skating is good; pipes and old tobac no end. . . . For my own part I would infinitely rather settle on

the icy peak of Mt. Ararat than in this village. It is absolutely the worst spot in the world. Among other things, December 16 at 6 A. M. the thermometer was ten degrees below nothing. This is enough. A good climate is a prime consideration to me; think of the climate of Venice, of Fayal, of Cuba, of Malaga, — the last best. I have been within six miles of that city; behind it rise majestic Sierras, before it glitters and dreams the blue Mediterranean, and the thermometer stands at 75 the year round. What a contrast to Concord! I have never lived in Alcott's place, but I judge the thermometer goes as low there as anywhere else.

That place was "Hillside," which, after delaying awhile at West Newton, in the house of Horace Mann, who was at Washington, Hawthorne slept over to Concord in the spring of 1852, and bought of Mrs. Alcott, through her cousin, Samuel E. Sewall of Boston, the Wayside estate of thirty acres, eight of which were good farm land, for \$1,500. The family took possession early in June, put the house in order and received many visitors. In July (Hawthorne's birth month) the usual celebration of the Fourth

in the village occurred next day, which was Monday, and was kept by the Emerson family as a picnic, to which they carried the Hawthornes. Mrs. H.'s account of this day is lively enough:

I stopped at Mrs. Emerson's to ask her when and how her children were going. I found a superb George Washington in the dining-room, nearly as large as life, engraved from Stuart's painting. We saw no one of the family, but finally a door opened, and the rich music of Mr. Emerson's voice filled the entry. Julian ran out at the sound, and Ellen and her father came into the room. Mr. Emerson asked me if that head (pointing to Washington) were not a fine celebration of the day of Independence? "He would seem to have absorbed into that face all the serenity of these United States, and left none elsewhere, excepting" — and he laid his hand on Julian, — "excepting what is in Julian. Washington is the Great Repose, and Julian is the Little Repose, — hereafter to become also the Great Repose." He asked if Julian were going to the picnic, and I told him no, as I was not going. "Oh, but if Una is going, that would be a divided cherry, would it not?" Finding that Mrs. E. was to go, and that they were all to ride, I, of course, had no objection. And then Mr.

Emerson wanted Mr. Hawthorne to go with him, at 5 o'clock; he consented, and so they are all gone. . . . We find the Wayside prettier and prettier. Mr. Hawthorne has sold the grass for \$30, and has cut his bean-poles in his own woods.

Indeed, the idyllic days of the Old Manse seemed to have returned, and the Hawthorne and Emerson children were now old enough to enjoy them. But the presidential campaign of 1852 was going forward, and General Pierce, Hawthorne's college friend, was the Democratic candidate, and called on Hawthorne to write his campaign life, which he reluctantly undertook. It was thought to have aided Pierce in carrying the vote of one or two states, — Virginia among them. The election of Pierce in November, although he did not become president until March, 1853, secured for his biographer the only office he was ready to accept, — consul at Liverpool, — and on accepting that place he made his first visit to Washington, April 14, 1853, being then forty-nine years old. Few Americans of distinction wait so long

before seeing the national capital; though I believe neither Channing nor Thoreau ever saw it. Hawthorne explained to R. H. Stoddard, who was seeking office from the Pierce administration, how to meet Atherton, the New Hampshire senator, who was supposed to distribute northern offices, and what he must do at Washington in the matter of brandy drinking, — ending with the injunction, which his friend Pierce occasionally needed, not to be seen there drunk. Hawthorne himself had a strong head, and, as his townsman and fellow-Democrat* told me, “could eat more and drink more than any man he ever dined with;” but he had no uncontrolled appetites, and possessed a calm prudence unusual in a man of so much imagination, that kept him out of excesses of all kinds, in which one circle of his friends often indulged. He then went to England for a long period, administered his consular office with fidelity, as he had done in former

*Dr. G. B. Loring.

offices of less value, and laid up a considerable capital for his family in after years. But none of his offices was very favorable to his literary work.

And now I come, by this long *détour*, to my own acquaintance with Hawthorne and his household, after he returned from Rome in 1860. He was, by the testimony of his old Concord friends, a changed man in some respects, — less shy, more accustomed to meet his fellow mortals gracefully, — but, too, less simple and agreeable in his intimate manners and general character. Thoreau, who hardly mentions him in his long series of journals, lately published, and seldom read his books with much attention, thus spoke of him in a letter to Sophia, his sister, in the summer of 1860:

I suppose that you have heard that Mr. Hawthorne has come home. I went to meet him the other evening [at Emerson's no doubt] and found that he has not altered, except that he was looking quite brown after his voyage. He is as amiable and child-like as ever.

HAWTHORNE AT HOME

My own introduction to the real man, as seen in his books, had begun in 1846, when, at the age of fourteen, I read his *Mosses*. In my small native town of Hampton Falls, in eastern New Hampshire, where two libraries had existed during nearly half a century, — one given by the parish minister, a retired president of Harvard University, Dr. Langdon, in 1797; the other founded by his successor, Parson Abbot; a third began to be promoted by the ladies of the local Sewing Circle, and the book-purchaser for them was another minister, who, by good fortune, knew the work of Hawthorne, and among his early purchases bought Wiley & Putnam's first edition of the *Mosses*. I frequented all three libraries, reading the Latin and Greek of Dr. Langdon's odd collection, as a school-boy could, and the biographies, voyages, and travels, and the fiction of Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth in Parson Abbot's collection; but finding more modern literature in Parson Caldwell's Unitarian and Trans-

cedentialist volumes, — the selection of which, after a few years, came partly to me. I had bought and read Scott before 1845, but Hawthorne's was the first American romance-writing that came into my hands, except Cooper's *Spy*. I was enchanted with this excursion into a new world of letters; and even to my boyish eyes it was evident that here was an author who had the gift of a style far better than either Scott, in his prose, or Cooper, could maintain through pages of description and suggestion. I read and read again the unequalled sketch of the Manse itself and its enveloping scenery, — really the best part of the two thin volumes, — and when I noted the ingenious rather than ingenuous remark in it, that the author might never publish more of such literature, I sat down and wrote him a note, imploring him not to persist in a resolve so distressing. His words were: "My limited number of readers, whom I venture to regard rather as a circle of friends, will receive these fitful sketches kindly, as the last offering, the last

collection of this nature, which it is my purpose ever to put forth. Unless I could do better, I have done enough of this kind." I did not then understand the coquetry of authors, and supposed that was Nathaniel Hawthorne's real intention; so I wrote accordingly. But among my boyish griefs was this one, — that my elder brother wrote a bold, rapid, manly hand, and my eldest sister wrote a fine, elegant hand, almost like copperplate; while my own manuscript was scraggly, tottering, and without character. Viewing the finished epistle, I said to myself, "This will never do; this must not meet the eye of that fastidious resident of the Old Manse," and I tore it up. But I continued to search out and read everything he published, and when the *Scarlet Letter* came, and shrinking maidens and languid parsons, and schoolma'ams found fault with its subject, and were inclined to taboo it, I rushed to the rescue, and wrote a sarcastic poetic parable in its defence.

Before 1860, then, I had made up my own

mind about Hawthorne's merit and defect, and had heard the verdict upon him of Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and many women of delicate literary perception and liberal taste. It was voted that he was an exquisite artist in words, but inclined to be morbid; and that in the *Blithedale Romance* he had gone beyond what strict delicacy demanded in his treatment of former associates at Brook Farm, some of whom I knew. I was therefore prepared to meet him and to see how well he conformed to the preconceived idea, fortified or corrected by the testimony of those who knew him. One thing, however, I was not prepared for, — his remarkable personal beauty. His portrait by Thompson I had seen, but it does not convey the charm of the features; his other portraits were not then much known. Of all the Concord and Cambridge authors, he was by far the most distinguished in feature and in the impression he produced, — and that in spite of his singular flexibility, or dereliction of the spinal column, which forbade

him usually to hold himself erect, and inspired Tom Appleton to say that he "looked like a *boned pirate*," — alluding to a sort of fierceness in his aspect, that went ill with this flexibility of muscle. Far handsomer than Byron, in his best portraits, and without the arrogant majesty of Daniel Webster at the same age, (fifty-six) Hawthorne in 1860 was a fine example of what Carlyle said of Webster, — "He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, 'This is your Yankee Englishman, — such limbs we make in Yankeeland.' " He had not the imposing dignity of Webster, either; but a gentle voice and manner, and a quality that made you regard and respect him.*

*In this respect, of personal beauty, united to a simplicity and gentleness of nature, the nearest parallel in our literature is perhaps Shelley, although in some points of character and opinion Hawthorne and the author of *Alastor* were very far asunder. And Shelley is to be judged, not by that sad caricature of his head by Miss Curran, who seems to have been incapable of a good portrait, but by what his friends

I did not see very much of him after that; the communications about my taking Julian as a pupil either came through Mrs. Hawthorne, or were by letter. But there was one painful circumstance in which I was able to be of service to the Hawthorne fam-

say of him, and by the portrait painted after his death by the American, West, of Tennessee, who made one of the best portraits of Byron. Shelley described himself and Byron under the names of Julian and Maddolo, — it was perhaps in remembrance of this that Channing called Hawthorne “Count Julian” and sketched him in verse which recalls the swaying but energetic grace of his friend, in the Old Manse, or gliding over the frozen meadow on skates. The passage will bear to be quoted, although in some points, with that waywardness so native in Channing, he introduces traits not found in his subject, to beguile or misguide his reader, guessing at the riddle:

*His pure, slight form had a true Grecian charm, —
Soft as the willow o’er the river swaying,
Yet sinewy and capable of action, —
Such grace as in Apollo’s figure lay,
When he was moving the still world with light:
About his forehead clustered rich black curls,
Medusa like; they charmed the Student’s eye:*

ily. Una, the gifted and attractive daughter, had been stricken in Rome with the fever then so common there, but which has greatly disappeared under the better regulations made by the Italian government, and the Roman municipality, freed from the misgovernment of ecclesiastics. She seemed at first, in America, to have fully recovered, but after a time the fever-poison showed itself in mental alienation, connected, doubtless, with her years of advancing from child to woman. In this state she resided for a time with her aunt, next door to me, and I was called on once or twice, to render aid to her nurse, during the access of mild mania. Mrs. Mann, like her family in general (the Peabodys) had singular credulity in matters where good was to be done, moral or physi-

*Those soft, still, hazel orbs Count Julian had
Looked dream-like forth on the familiar day, —
Yet eloquent, and full of luminous force
Sweetly humane, — that had no harshness known.*

Channing had a fancy for calling himself "The Student."

cal; and she believed for a time that a certain Mrs. R. had a specific treatment for diagnosing and curing disease, which was to be tested with Una. It was thought desirable that Mrs. R. should explain this to the family and friends of the invalid; and it was hoped by some that it might prove a valuable medical discovery,—which it never did. But a room was needed for the good woman to expound her system to a semi-public audience, and I offered my large class-room for the purpose, which was in my dwelling-house, and directly beneath my study. On one of these lecture occasions, and perhaps more, Hawthorne was present, listening to the story of the new method, and, I dare say, believing as little in it as I did. This was the only occasion, I think, when he was my guest for an hour; there were few houses in Concord of which he saw the inside in those later years. But I was his guest more than once, and one memorable day I heard him speak of the Civil War,

then going on, in a manner that surprised me.

At one period during the war, I should say in 1862, a staunch anti-slavery Marylander, who had settled in Kansas before 1856, and was the first Congressman from that state, Martin Conway, made a speech which surprised his old friends, of whom I was one, because he advocated peace and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. He had not given up his opposition to negro-slavery, but he argued that it would die quicker in the new oligarchy than in the restored Union, dominated, as he feared it might be, by the pro-slavery Democrats. He visited Concord about this time, dined at Emerson's (and Hawthorne with him) advocating in conversation the views advanced in his speech, which he afterwards recanted, seeing how effective was Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. Hawthorne was much impressed by what Conway said, and by his earnestness and clearness of mind. Not long after, on a Christmas day, Haw-

thorne invited his old friend, George Bradford, and myself to dinner. He presided with ease at his own table; his usual social embarrassment disappeared, and he not only carved the turkey, but directed the conversation. In course of it he said that he quite agreed with Conway; the North and the South were two distinct nations in opinion and habits, and had better not try to live under the same institutions. He added that while in Liverpool, representing the undivided nation, he had strongly felt that Southerners were not his fellow-countrymen! "I felt that we were two nations, and might as well live apart." This would not seem to agree very well with the fact that, in the summer of 1863, he sat on the platform at Concord, New Hampshire, at the wish of his friend Pierce, to whom he had, the year before, dedicated his volume on England, and listened to the almost treasonable speech of Pierce against the war. Pierce's theory was that the old pro-slavery Union should be established, — not seeing that it would

be impossible, even if desirable, — and neither of the fighting powers desired it. But I need not have been surprised, had I read in 1861 the letter which Hawthorne addressed to his friend Bridge, a naval officer, and, of course, on the Union side. He wrote (May 26, 1861):

The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits; it was delightful to feel that I had a country, — a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. . . . Though I approve the war as much as any man [while Pierce was denouncing it] I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. . . . Even if we subjugate the South, *our next step should be to cut them adrift*. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure, it may be a wise object, and offer a tangible result, — *and the only one consistent with a future union between the North and South*. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us; and we should see the expediency of *preparing our black brethren for future citizenship, by allowing them to fight for their own liberties*. . . . Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We

never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.

Here was the very opinion that he expressed to me at his Wayside dinner-table. But in the admirable passage above it, Hawthorne exhibited again that strange insight into the future which he had. Without knowing it, but by the mere force of his genius, he had repeated the doctrine of John Brown, arming the freed slaves for a "more perfect Union," and of Brown's political antecedent, John Quincy Adams, who in 1820 had written in his secret diary, what his prudence did not allow him to utter even in conversation, this surprising prediction:

If the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave-question, it must shortly afterwards be followed by the universal emancipation of the slaves. . . . What means would accomplish emancipation at the smallest cost of human sufferance? A dissolution, at least temporary, of the Union as now constituted, would be necessary; and the dissolution must be upon a point involving the question of slavery and no other. The Union might then be reorganized on the fundamental principle of emancipation.

Neither Adams nor Hawthorne were quite willing to maintain or live up to the principle thus stated in a moment of insight, nor did either live to see the issue they foresaw. Indeed, Hawthorne's opinions were rather "views" (literally) than opinions; he saw the situation at a glance, and stated it, yet hardly reflected upon it, and might, at another time have a different vision. His picture of the war-period in 1862, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, illustrates this doubleness of observation, and puzzled both the friends and foes of Union and Liberty, "one and inseparable," as Webster once said.

The *Memoirs* of Julian Hawthorne, from which I draw much in this monograph, as well as from his sister Rose's *Memories of Hawthorne*, preserve several incidents of Hawthorne's later Concord life, which have otherwise escaped record. The "game-parties" for writing nonsense verses, in which he sometimes took part, are mentioned; and Hawthorne's mild satire on his next door neighbor Alcott, then dwelling peacefully in

the Orchard House, under the same range of hills as the "Wayside" is thus entered:

*There dwelt a Sage at Apple-Slump,
Whose dinners never made him plump;
Give him carrots, potatoes, squash, parsnips and peas,
And some boiled macaroni, without any cheese,
And a plate of raw apples to hold on his knees,
And a glass of sweet cider to wash down all these,
And he'd prate of the Spirit as long as you'd please, —
This airy Sage of Apple-Slump.*

This humorous name for the Orchard House was Louisa Alcott's suggestion, which I capped by proposing it should be called "All-Cottage," in deference to the supposed Pantheism of its founder, who remodelled and entered it in 1857-58, two years before the Hawthornes returned to their abode; which also Hawthorne remodeled, adding the tower, in which he devised a retired study for himself. His friend Channing, in his *Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist*, alludes to this abode while contrasting Hawthorne with Thoreau. He says:

The Concord novelist was a handsome, bulky char-

acter, with a soft, rolling gait. Shy and awkward, he dreaded the stranger within his gates. Careless of heat and cold indoors, he lived in an Aeolian-harp house that could not be warmed: that he entered it by a trap-door from a rope-ladder is false. Lovely, amiable and charming, his absent-mindedness passed for unsocial, while he was hatching a new tragedy. As a writer he loved the morbid and the lame. His plots are not drawn from life; his plots and thoughts are dreary — as he was himself in some lights. Swallowed up in the wretchedness of life, in that sardonic Puritan element that drips from the elms of his birth-place, he thought it inexpressibly ridiculous that any one should notice man's miseries — these being man's staple product. Thoreau looked upon it as equally nonsense, because men had no miseries at all, except those of indigestion and laziness — manufactured to their own order. The writer of fiction could not read the naturalist, (probably); and Thoreau had no more love or sympathy for fiction in books than in character. Yet in the stoical *fond* of their characters they were alike, and Hawthorne truly admired Thoreau.

The same could hardly be said of Hawthorne and Alcott, towards whom he had mingled and changing feelings — sometimes of admiration and again of weariness. The

two families, however, were very sympathetic. In early 1852, Mrs. Hawthorne's mother reported to her thus, the purchase of "Wayside" being on the carpet:

It is at the entrance of a wood, two miles by the road to the River.* She would enjoy Mr. Hawthorne's having it more than she can express — thinks the house would be forever honored; and though she might never be so happy as to hear him speak, if she could sometimes see his inexpressible sweet smile, it would be an enhancement of the value of her property only to be realized by those who know him. Thus she.

Of that patriotic but almost tragic episode in the Alcott family, the hospital life of Louisa at Washington, which nearly occasioned her death, but afterwards introduced her, through her *Hospital Sketches*, to a wider audience of readers than she had reached before the war, Mrs. Hawthorne wrote thus, at the very beginning, (December 11, 1862):

*I have ventured to change Mrs. Peabody's mileage a little; she wrote "two miles in a direct line to the River" which is only half a mile away.

(To Una Hawthorne).

Great events seem thickening here. Louisa Alcott has had her summons to the Washington hospitals; and Abby [afterwards called "May," her middle name] came to ask about some indelible ink she had, and I offered to do anything I could for Louisa. She said if I could mark her clothes it would assist very much. So I went over in the divine afternoon, marked till dusk, and finished all she had. Mrs. Alcott says she shall feel helpless without Louisa, and Mr. Alcott says he sends his only son. Louisa is determined to make the soldiers jolly, and takes all of Dickens that she has, and games. At supper-time Julian came in with the portentous news that the battle has at last begun, and Fredericksburg is on fire from our guns. So Louisa goes into the very mouth of the war. I carried to Mrs. Alcott early this morning some maizena blancmange which Ann made for papa, and turned out of the sheaf-mould very nicely. Papa has not a good appetite, and eats no dinners except a little potato. But he is trying to write, and locks himself into the library and pulls down the blinds.

This is one of the early intimations of the mysterious disease of which Hawthorne died, in 1864. His daughter Rose, writing of Alcott, a few months later, says: "I well

remember my astonishment when I was told that he had set forth to go into the jaws of the Rebellion, after Louisa, who had succumbed to typhoid fever while nursing the soldiers. His object was to bring her home; but it was difficult to believe he would be successful in entering that field of misery and uproar." Such was the judgment of a child of twelve. But Alcott had a good practical faculty, and brought his daughter to the Orchard House, where she was six months in recovering, and never did wholly recover from this fever, any more than Una did from her Roman one. For years, however, Una was fairly well, and entered heartily, as Julian did, into the sports and gaieties of Concord, which her mother had solemnly deprecated, but allowed her children to share. Julian entered Harvard in 1863 without difficulty, and was enjoying life there when his father died in mid-May, 1864. This event and what preceded it have been best described by Mr. F. P. Stearns, who was a classmate of Julian

at Harvard, and had been one of my Concord students. His recent *Life of Hawthorne* is one of the best of the biographies, from its interior views of the man and his later surroundings.

UNA AND THE POEM

Una Hawthorne had the charm of her father and her mother both, and it was a sad thing that her Roman illness deprived her of their abundant vitality, and forbade to her the literary career that might otherwise have been hers. She was her father's companion in literature more than Julian, and I have one reminiscence of his taste in poetry from her — and at the same time an evidence of how little he read outside of a certain round in English and French literature. Una was a dear friend of my wife, and once brought to her for my examination (it was in April, 1863, about the time I gave up my school), a long English poem on "Solitude," which she said her father had found, years

ago, in one of Tonson's old English publications, and was very fond of. But he could not find who wrote it, nor could his Concord or Boston associates tell him. There were twenty stanzas, which Una had copied in her legible chirography, and I printed half in the Boston *Commonwealth*, (of which I had lately become the editor) in early May, 1863. They had been last printed in the *Miscellany Poems* edited by Dryden in 1690, but without an author's name, which I asked any reader to give, if he could. No answer came, and Hawthorne died the next year, without knowing to whom he was indebted for verse that depicted so well his own love for solitude and the seashore. A few years later, one evening when Ellery Channing came to dine with me and my children, (in the house where the minions of the Senate had handcuffed and attempted to drag me away to Washington), he brought with him the solution of the problem — the volume printed in London in 1667, "at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the

new Exchange," — and bearing this title-page:

“POEMS By the most deservedly Admired MRS.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS, The Matchless

ORINDA.

To Which is added MONSIEUR CORNEILLE’S

POMPEY & HORACE, TRAGEDIES.

With several other Translations out of FRENCH.”

Now among these unnamed “other Translations” appears the gem of the whole quarto of 350 pages — *La Solitude de St. Amant, Englished*. St. Amant was a French contemporary of Shakespeare, and a successor of the famous *Pleiad*; and this was his best piece. It was also the best piece of “the Matchless Orinda’s” verse, and better, oftentimes, than the original, which her posthumous editor, Sir Charles Cotterel, printed, verse by verse, on the opposite page — as I will do here, in the stanzas that specially delighted Hawthorne:

SOLITUDE

BY ST. AMANT.

I

*O! que j'aime la Solitude
Que ces lieux, sacrez a la nuict,
Eloignez du monde et de bruict,
Plaisent a mon inquiétude.
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens
De voir ces Bois, qui se trouvèrent
A la nativité du Temps,
Et que tous les Siècles révèrent,
Estre encore aussi beaux et verts
Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Univers.*

II

*Un gay Zéphire les caresse
D'un mouvement doux et flatteur,
Rien que leur extrême hauteur
Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.
Jadis Pan et ses demi-dieux
Y vindrent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
Pour nous envoyer le Deluge,
Et se sauvants sur leurs Rameaux,
A peine virent ils les Eaux.*

IV

*Que je trouve doux la ravage
De ces fiers torrents vagabonds,*

SOLITUDE

BY ST. AMANT AND MRS. PHILLIPS, NEE FOWLER

I

*O! Solitude, my sweetest choice,
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How you my restless thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine
To see those Trees which have appeared
From the nativity of Time
And which all Ages have revered,
To look today as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen.*

II

*A cheerful wind does court them so,
And with such amorous breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know,
But by their height, that they are old.
Hither the demigods did fly
To seek a Sanctuary, when
Displeased Jove once pierc'd the sky,
To pour a deluge upon men;
And on these boughs themselves did save,
Whence they could hardly see a wave.*

IV

*What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,*

*Qui se precipitent par bonds
Dans le vallon vert et sauvage;
Puis glissants sous les Arbrisseaux
Ainsi que des serpents sur l'herbe,
Se changeant en plaisans ruisseaux,
Ou quelque Nayadé superbe
Regne comme en son lict natal,
Dessus un Throsne de Christal.*

VII

*Jamais l'Esté, ny la froidure
N'ont veu passer dessus cette Eau
Nulle charette, ny bateau,
Depuis que l'on ou l'autre dure:
Jamais voyageur alteré
N'y fit servir sa main de tasse,
Jamais chevreuil desespéré
N'y finit sa vie à la chasse.
Et jamais le traître hamecon
N'en fit sortir aucun poisson.*

XV

*Que c'est une chose agréable
D'estre sur le bord de la Mer,
Quand elle vient à se calmer,
Après quelque orage effroyable:
Et que les chevelus Tritons
Haut sur les vagues secouées,*

*Who in vast leaps their springs forsake
This solitary vale to pierce!
Then sliding just as serpents do
Under the foot of every tree,
Themselves are changed to rivers too,
Wherein some stately Nayadee
As in her native bed, is grown
A Queen upon a chrystal throne.*

VII

*Summer's nor Winter's bold approach
This stream did never entertain,
Nor ever felt a boat or coach
Whilst either Season did remain:
No thirsty traveller came near
And rudely made his hand his cup,
Nor any hunted hind hath here
Her hopeless life resigned up.
Nor ever did the treacherous hook
Intrude, to empty any brook.*

XV

*How highly is the fancy pleased
To be upon the Ocean's shore,
When she begins to be appeased,
And her fierce billows cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken wave,
With what strange sounds they strike the air*

*Frappent les airs d'estranges tons,
Avec leur Trompes enroutez,
Dont l'eclat rend respectueux
Le vents les plus impetueux.*

XVI

*Tantost brouillant l'arène
Murmure et fremit de courroux,
Se roullant dessus les Cailloux,
Qu'elle apporte et qu'elle r'entraîne.
Tantost elle estale en ses bords
Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
Des gens noyez, des monstres morts,
Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,
Des Diamans, de l'ambre gris,
Et mille autres choses de prix.*

XX

*O! que j'aime la Solitude,
C'est l'Element des bons esprits,
C'est par elle que j'ay compris
L'art d'Apollon sans nulle estude:
Je l'aime pour l'amour de toy,
Connoissant que ton humeur l'aime,
Mais, quand je pense bien à moy,
Je la hais pour la raison mesme,
Car elle pourroit me ravir
L'heur de te voir, et de te servir.*

*Of their trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill report does every wind
Unto his due submission bind.*

XVI

*Sometimes the Sea the sand dispels
Trembling and murmuring in the Bay,
And rolls itself upon the shells
Which it both brings and takes away,
Sometimes exposes on the strand
The effects of Neptune's rage and scorn,
Drowned men, dead monsters cast on land,
And ships that were in Tempest torn,
With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
And many more such things as these.*

XX

*O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it:
For thy* sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving Thee.*

*This was the Sieur de Bernières, with whom St. Amant sojourned on the Atlantic coast of France, and

Dryden, who knew Mrs. Phillips, and flattered her in her lifetime, chose this poem for his *Miscellany*, well knowing it was her best; and Hawthorne chose it because it suited his solitary and musing habit. A stanza that I have not quoted, in the first compliment to his friend Bernières, because it is not too well translated, describes Hawthorne's custom perfectly in old French:

*Je ne cherche que les desers,
Ou resvant tout seul j'amuse
A des discours, assez disers,
De mon Génie avec la Muse.*

Which in our everyday English is:

*The Wild, and but the Wild I seek,
Where, lost in reverie, I rehearse
The wealth of lore the Muse can speak,
As with my soul she doth converse.*

to whom the last three stanzas of the poem are addressed. I copy it mainly in the antiquated orthography in which it stands in Orinda's volume, but have corrected obvious errors of the printer. She has come into an autumnal summer of fame since Hawthorne's death, and many of her verses have been reprinted, but not, I believe, these best ones.

This was exactly what Hawthorne did in his lonely walks, and it was the reason why he was a silent companion when he rambled with Hillard or Channing. The other Concord authors walked and talked together, and Alcott preferred the talk to the walk.

Hawthorne was among the Concord authors (with whom Margaret Fuller and George Curtis and David Wasson may be included) but not of them. Their ideal philosophy lay somewhere at the base of his thought, but was so overflowed and tinged by his fantastic imagination, as to show itself chiefly in his doctrine of compensations and final salvation. Without seeing his way clearly through the maze of human good and evil, he yet seemed to hold with Tennyson,

————— *that somehow good*
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

Forgiveness was the key to his moral nature, and friendliness was at the bottom of his silent and seemingly unsocial habit. Sympathy with many various phases of human life explains much that he favored, or endured with no protest. Although his list of intimate friends was not a long one, it included a remoter variety of experience and character — or want of character — than most men could claim. Emerson once spoke of him to me as possessing a *feminine* cast of mind — a strange remark in one aspect of Hawthorne, since his genius was creative rather than imitative. But he may have been thinking of that spiritual quality of sympathy and patience which is oftener a feminine than a masculine endowment.

He was seldom epigrammatic, as the other Concord men of letters were apt to be, and as Emerson and Thoreau so eminently were. In copying from his journals into his books, he wrote in, rather than struck out, as Channing acutely observed. Consequently, his fault, when he has faults, is to be diffuse

rather than concise. But in dealing with imaginary characters, few of whom are drawn from actual human life, he seems to produce on us the impression of what they are, not so much by an effort of words, but by presenting an image or phantasm of the inner being—much as a painter reveals character by touches of his brush, without explanations.

In giving my friend and publisher, Mr. Goodspeed of Boston, at his request, the other day, an estimate of Poe, the contrasted genius of Hawthorne came into my mind, and I wrote what may stand as a fit conclusion to these reminiscences of myself and others, and my personal tribute to a favorite author:

Two names in American literature are often coupled, especially by Europeans, who have read both Poe and Hawthorne more critically than we are apt to do. The similarity between them is rather in their choice of abnormal psychologic themes and situations, than in the mode of treatment. Hawthorne was a realist writing Romance; Poe a fantastic idealist en-

dowed with an incommunicable and indescribable gift of Style — and that both in prose and verse. A serious, persistent poet he could never be; yet he continues to exist in fragments of poetic diction, often as noteworthy as the better-sustained poesy of Coleridge. Hawthorne was a true poet who wrote by preference in prose — but with the invention of elder poets, like Virgil and Chaucer; so that Channing with propriety named him “New England’s Chaucer.” Racially he was Anglo-Norman, and clung to English literary characteristics; while Poe was French or Gallo-Celtic in his imagination, and invented types that have no analogies in human nature. Hawthorne’s types were often real, sometimes startlingly so, and always analogical. As critics, another difference comes out. Hawthorne had critical insight, never more strikingly displayed than in his early estimate of Thoreau’s literary art, before the Poet-Naturalist had printed more than 50 pages of the 10,000 that now represent him. Poe, acute enough, had the acuteness of a satirist, looking chiefly at what he could attack. Hawthorne seldom attacked even ironically.

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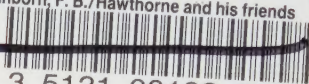


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